The First "Love Tragedy of the Air"!

How Dr. Gordon Ley, Madman Admirer of Beautiful Eileen Reed, Driven to Insane Jealousy by Unrequited Love, Pursued Her All Over Europe in an Airplane, Sought to Kill Her and His "Rival," Only to Fall at Last to His Own Death

in a "Crash" That Can

Never Be Explained

By Ferdinand Tuohy.

ately gained local re- camera, oman in the case"

For years prior to the unique tragof life Elleen Reed, fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter of the leading Lon-

in daily, hourly terror.

A madman, with money to burn, had fallen hopelessly in love with her, and pursuing her from place to place and threaten her with revolvers and knives. Suddenly, just when she thought herself safely hidden away in as actually on his way by air to run her to earth once more at Montreux, Switzerland, when the tragedy which forms the pivot of this story was

gone on almost without cessation since Elleen Reed sure that she would ree the morrow. For she knew-und events proved that she was right-that her infatuated pursuer was not bluff-

one remedy, to ask for police might be all right for a week or a month, but-well, one canearliest childhood, had been spent so be characterized—to live her own

On a recent summer's morning for would indulge in no more target. Miss Reed knew more and acted on life as a chorus girl at the Galety there arrived at the Croydon aero-practice en route. "He seemed highly it. The thing to do was to humor practice en route."

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ure and amuse. Consequently, in the French beach. needs to be strong-minded on the ville. stage. There are so many men who look upon women of the stage as fair extraordinary occurrence brought game. The girl who contemplates go-

The "certain episode" above re- off altogether in the region of fifty ferred to was an appearance last year front, not knowing but that the fusilin the divorce court, as the accused lade was directed at himself, sought ferred to was an appearance last year cartridges while the terrifled pliot in wife of Major Galloway. For days feverishly here and there in the fields the case held London with its "racy" below for a landing place. On alighttales of life behind the footlights with ing. Barnard demanded an explanathe war as a background. The jun- which is declined to go on. keting as related in court was rather "Why, you are a sportamun, aren't diary of Col. Repington, only in Well, what does a little revolver practice natter? Not half as 'windy' as three shots missed, and then an exwith Robenia than with society Still with Bohemia than with society. Still, went on laconically: "You see, I'm this whole tale, transpired. Instead the same heetic, "for to-morrow we going to kill a man directly I land of flying for her life, or fainting or die" atmosphere was there, and also at Deauville and I want to get my doing any other of the things one prethe particular butterfly on the wheel hand in was heralded as the fairest visitor to to be fooling, parily because his rec- and gently disarmed him. She told the divorce court in the memory of ord as an aviator in the war had been the story later like this:

came the best known woman in the country, her picture everywhere, her life written up in minute detail. It is in this kind of giorification of of the prettiest fre- naughtiness word) that the Anglo-Saxon race excels-and might well learn a lesson politan cafe near the from the supposedly inferior Latin Opera in this city has who washes all his soiled linen in

own as the first However, to proceed, only a few weeks ago I met here in the little cafe I have mentioned, Eileen Reed, of a love mystery of still a strikingly handsome young anecdote anent her friends across the English Channel. I remember saying land I should mention that I had met

don't want you to do that! You see, don cartoonist, E. T. Reed, had gone I am studying art here and I don't want people to know about me. I'm

ever go anywhere except to this little

upon nothing being said about her that I naturally bowed-little dream-

as follows:

"What people do not realize is that been the most frequent user of the ours is a life apart, a life within a cross-channel air route to France during the current year. On this occasion he desired to depart instantly the put we also live to give pleas
"The weil-known at the airport, having with a revolver, so I thought the proposed the affair—and to split a botter way was to get it over and dump him at Deauville. But I vowed dump the current year. On this occasion he desired to depart instantly ever carry him." lives, but we also live to give pleas- for Deauville, the ultra-fashionable

for us a sparkling wine cup. Our tain Barnard, was assigned to the job spirits come always to the bubble, and and soon his machine was in the air, still throughout. Toward noor the one's spirits in that state are led to the route chosen being down to the broad estuary of the Seine at Havre the brimming over. So you see our coast at Folkestone, thence across was crossed and the pilot commenced thirty miles of channel to Boulogne, a long, winding descent on to the and down along the French coast past way of prosaic, normal lives. One Abbeville, Dieppe and Havre to Deau- ing was made, and, leaping from the

ing on the stage looks on the wrong at the Folkestone aerodrome. Not long to realize is the side the public falls senger in the machine. Dr. Ley, had started biazing away at the structure of the machine with a revolver, firing side of the life first. What she falls ufter leaving Croydon the solitary pas-

on a par with that set forth in the you? I thought you flew in the war? rather in three flash a as Ley blazed

the oldest court reporter. The news- challenged, the Captain agreed to "I knew the power I had over him-papers carried "streamer" headlines proceed across the Channel, but on I knew he would ston grang if I told of "The Galety Girl's Divorce" and the sworn understanding that the doc- him to. And he did."

So the Captain and the doctor se doing of it we are gay. Life becomes With a minimum of delay the de Channel far below and the coast of Haviland Company's star pilot, Cap-France stretched out map-wise ahead.

Meanwhile his passenger, as indicated by the narrative subsequently pieced together, rushed from cafe to cafe in Deauville and along the boardwalk asking the waiters for news of a couple whose appearance he described in deinit. Ultimately be was directed to a little care on the beach where sat Eileen Reed and "the man in the case," one Borro daile-the fifty-year-old monocled tion from his passenger, failing Englishman of the don'tcherknow brand.

sumably does when shot at, Eileen Partly because he believed the man Reed calmly approached the dector

Theatre, London. Of this interlude, drome, London's airport, a tall, handard in mitigation of a certain later some Englishman, Dr. Gordon Ley, "His eyes were dilated and he paced often in the past, and to get him out to and fro at the aerodrome, worry-of the way with a minimum of described and the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of the paced of the way with a minimum of wrote last you. ... I English review titioners of England. Dr. Ley was toms authorities would let him land rant in the town with him—she even

> Instead of flying for her life, Eileen approached the doctor and disarmed him. "To my escape!

der another bottle!" And Ley ordered. And the couple

But in her heart, Elleen Reed re- Al' seemed well. Then with appalturned to Paris with the darkest mis- ling suddenness and without the givings as to the future. She had slightest warning—the day was a pursuer, but he remained still the no signs of missing-the biplane killing her. For the moment she had from a height of five thousand feet. persuaded him to return to London, Nothing was seen to break off in midand to go on with his work, but only air. Spectators on the beach below on the understanding that she would declared that they never saw a more come across and visit him directly, unaccountable fall, nor one in which Which she had no intention of doing, the pilot seemed to have lost such For, apart from her being linked up complete control of his half-crazed dope flend, ever having sheer, sheer down, into the Channel. recourse to drugs, now to stimulate. When the cross-channel steamer now to calm himself. The calm, bril- Victoria hove to beside the remnants hant diagnoser of brain trouble in ten minutes later, it was to find the of fashionable families was, she knew, two bodies-those of Ley and Morinmore in need of brain care than any floating hard by, both terribly mutiof his patients. So in Paris she re- lated and the latter virtually devapisolved to live more quietly than ever, tated. The body of the third passen.

And it was harder in Eileen Reed's was never found. Ley's body was most others. Her whole vivid person- who happened to be crossing to ality was based on going around and France on the steamer. mixing in the festive side, living and seeing and doing, and she had such just one more unaccountable aerial hosts of friends, few of whom she collapse? Or had Ley resumed his could now risk seeing. I met her target practice and hit the pilot? young people drank together that once, twice, again before the culmi- had he actually aimed at the latter nating act in this drama, and always determined to end his crazy existence at the "little cafer round the corner" with the crazlest of suicides, and one "To your escape!" responded Ley, and scuted half behind a door whence not even thought of by the sensashe could see all who entered without tional novelists? Mystery. While drinking the police arrived, being seen herself. And Borrodatte has since been written about the prepared to arrest the visitor from the was there too, and no less uneasy, tragedy both on the British and the sales whose exploit had spread For Ley in London had tracked the French sides, the former seeking to through the town. What they saw lovers down and had threatened as make commercial capital convinced them more than ever soon as his practice permitted it, com- affair by insinuating that the French (though the French require but little ing across and shooting Borrodaile, machines used in the cross-channel additional conviction in this direction) The fateful missive reposed in the service are not as good as the British; that the English are mad. In the latter's wallet. And after Deauville, the French insisting that Morin, the sunshine, and gayly clinking glasses, its recipient had only too much pilot, met with a terrible end in the Elleen and Ley. cause for clarm. A mad doctor in air at the hands of Ley.
"It's quite all right now, officer," London (mad at least in one direc. The earth holds its mysteries in explained the former in her fluent tion), a girl and a man hiding terror- legion, so, too, the sea. Now the air "It was all a misunderstand- stricken in Paris, and the inevitable has at last got a mystery all its own,

part for the cinema and some stilly of the last phase. with live cartridges. You see how good and more terrible, Elicen Reed once corner.

went and supplied my friend

thore decided on flight before him and took train for Montreux, Switzerland, But there is strong ground for believing that Ley had engaged private deectives to track down her every move. At all events, Ley wrote Borrodalle a last note to the effect that he intended flying to Montreux the next day but stop off en route in Paris to shoot him (Borrodaile).

will continue to be. Dr. Ley, more ever, presented himself at the Croydon aerodrome and ordered a machine for an immediate trip to Montreux. The official of the English company, remembering his "target practice" on the occasion of his last cross-channel trip, declined to book him. Cursing and swearing, Ley motored over to the French aeroplane headquarters and was promptly able to book a passage in a three-seater machine about to leave for Paris with And Ley ordered. And the couple drank joyously with the minions of half an hour the aeroplane was over Folkestone and heading out to sea.

escaped once more from her madman glerious one and the engine showed same fanatic bent on marrying or nose-dived headlong into the sea with Borrodalle, she saw in Ley a making no effort to right it. Just

Vimpole Street, the medical adviser machine broken to matchwood and ger, a Frenchman nameů tarrili, this self-effacement, than in actually identified by a fellow medico

What happened in mid-air? Was it

We were simply rehearsing a aeroplane-such were the ingredients of passion and of violence. And Elleen Reed can emerge once The destor's threats becoming more more from her little cafe 'round the

tecting you forever. Apart from day. Or that her parting remark which Miss Reed, a tall, athletic girl, held such grim consequence. hated the idea of being afraid of a aperitif, a fifty-year-old, monocled nan and was determined to see things Englishman of the don'tcherknow through herself. All her life, from brand hove in sight. "Must be off now," said Eileen, among her father's artistic friends, rising, "here's my fate coming. Prob-Dr. Ley started blazing away at the structure of the many of whose names are household least if I'm alive. Don't be surprised words in Bohemia, and at seventeen to read in your paper any morning friends we are (and she clinked glasses again). For your trouble, ofmachine while the terrified pilot sought feverishly for a landshe had run away from home-if 'Gaiety Girl Murdered.' It'll be me taking the subway a mile or two may Good-by!" er, you must join us. Gordon, oring place in the fields below.